



# Skillset Document

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This document wraps up a year of on-and-off work on my biggest personal project yet. Thanks to everyone who gave feedback and criticism along the way and to those who stuck around to see this big milestone. I really appreciate it :)

# Description

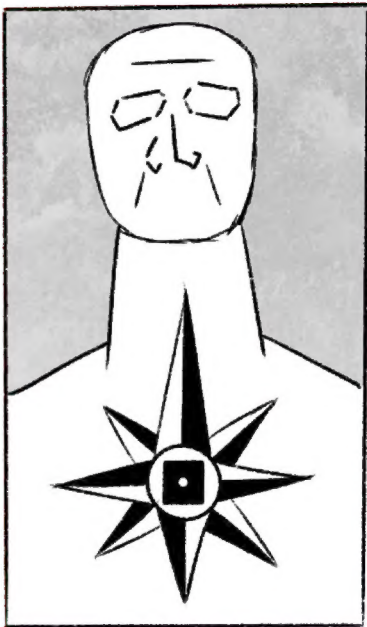
*Remain still. Lock in, focus, act.*

**Cool for:** Streetwise navigators, control freaks, unyielding tyrants

Lodestar locks your mind onto a single point and throws away the key. Everything else is static. Doubt doesn't exist. It enables you to see the path and march straight through the noise, blind to distractions, deaf to hesitation.

At high levels nothing can shake you. You're a laser beam slicing through fog, a battering ram to the doors of uncertainty. But tunnel vision is a hell of a thing. You'll charge headfirst into disaster, missing every detour and hidden door. At lower levels you'll need a roadmap to get through a conversation. A stray "hello" derails your train of thought. You were doing something important – what was it again?

## Lodestar



## Details

Attribute

Intellect

# Description

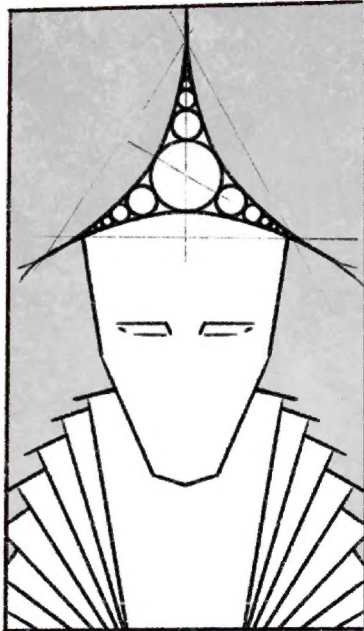
*Patterns in patterns. Zoom in. Zoom out.  
Watch it all unfold.*

**Cool for:** Archivists, know-it-alls, polymaths

Fractal Memory transforms your mind into a hall of mirrors, a spiral staircase that never ends. Everything is connected. Patterns can emerge where others see noise. It urges you to remember too much.

At high levels you recall details with supernatural clarity – yesterday, last year, a lifetime ago. The way someone said “goodbye” in 2006 suddenly makes sense. You’re a detective, a prophet, a walking archive. But it’s easy to get lost in the maze. Why were you thinking about that old cereal box logo? And why does it *matter*? At low levels your memory is more of a cheap doodle than a fractal painting. Important details blur together. The world is just *stuff happening*.

## Fractal Memory



### Details

Attribute

Intellect

# Description

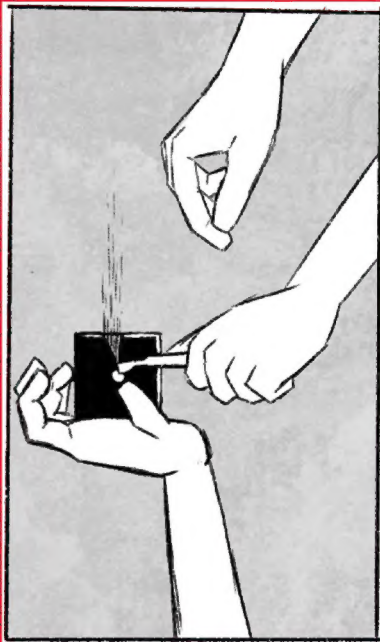
*The world is your oyster. Crack it open, see how it ticks.*

**Cool for:** Forensic scientists, engineers, field autopsy enthusiasts

Dissection lets you rip apart concepts like a kid with a toaster. Everything is just pieces waiting to be rearranged – machines, arguments, human behaviour. It urges you to break things down and the more you do, the more you understand how they work.

At high levels nothing is safe from your scalpel mind. You can dismantle an engine as easily as a lie. You break down social structures like blueprints. If only you had an army to do something about it. At lower levels your scalpel dulls. Your mind fumbles with the simplest problems. Can't open a pickle jar? Well, sucks to suck.

## Dissection



## Details

Attribute

Intellect

# Description

*Eradicate the self. Let go.*

**Cool for:** Philosophers, meditative ascetics, those who stare too long in the mirror

Ego Decay urges the mind to see beyond the illusion of self. Thoughts, desires, identity – just a collection of impulses wearing an organic shell. The boundaries of the self are thin and permeable. Maybe they never existed to begin with.

At high levels, selfhood dissolves entirely. The lines between the one and the many disappear. You understand everything because you *are* everything. But why do anything else, when 'you' don't exist? With lower levels of Ego Decay, you cling to self-definition with a white-knuckled grip. The idea of letting go terrifies you, deep down you know you are naught but a name written in sand waiting for the tide to sweep through.

## Ego Decay



## Details

Attribute

Intellect



# Description

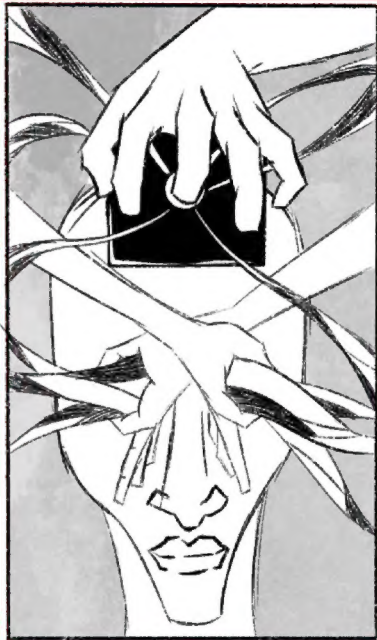
*Speak the world into existence.*

**Cool for:** Visionaries, architects, master storytellers

Veridrim lets you weave ideas into something bigger. Thoughts become blueprints, blueprints become reality. It doesn't manipulate reality – it *suggests* changes. Subtly. A nudge here, a change in tone there. Before long others can see the world a little more like the one in your head.

At high levels your visions shape everything around you. People adopt your ideas without realizing why. Your dreams take on *weight*. Reality bends – just a little. But belief is a fragile thing and you risk losing yourself in your own stories. At lower levels your ideas stay locked in your skull, lacking the weight needed for external impact. The world is too stubborn and unyielding.

## Veridrim



## Details

**Attribute**

Intellect

# Description

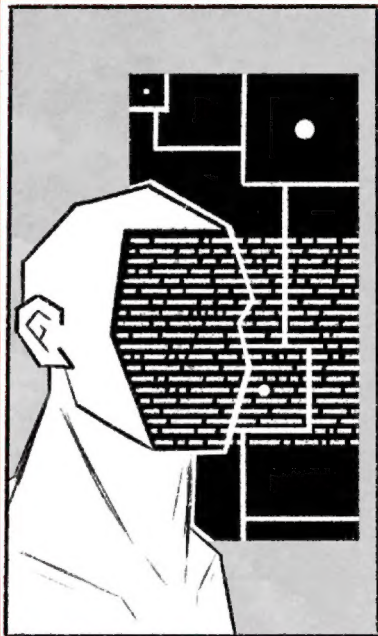
*Break discourse. Rebuild it in your favour.*

**Cool for:** Linguists, programmers, ardent poets

Syntax makes language your weapon. Conversations become battlegrounds, and you are the general. Pick any exchange apart, reconstruct dialogue with surgical precision, bend discourse to fit any desired outcome.

At high levels you *own* every conversation. Sentences, entire paragraphs twist in your hands like putty. Redirect, reframe, confuse or clarify at will. Make people believe the sky is red if you talk long enough. But you see socializing as naught but cold, calculated streams of logic. At lower levels, words tangle in your throat. Arguments fizzle out mid-thought. Communication feels like trying to juggle eels and stuttering becomes your best friend.

## Syntax



## Details

Attribute

Intellect

# Description

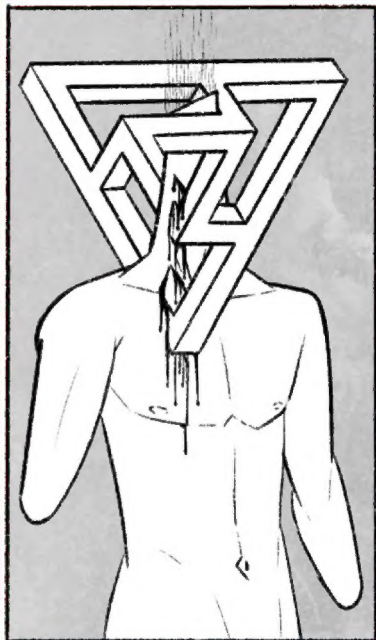
*Tune in. Channel the unnameable.*

**Cool for:** Conceptual prodigies, theoretical physicists, Penrose triangle lovers

Abstract Conduit turns your mind into a channel for unknowable things. Thoughts and concepts arrive unbidden, transmitted radio waves from some strange, impossible frequency. Half-formed, beautiful, terrifying things whisper at the edges of your perception. What is love? What is truth? Why are oranges called oranges? You just *know*.

At high levels, Abstract Conduit is a font of boundless creativity. You form ideas and connections so wild, so esoteric, no one else in history has ever thought of them. The abstract becomes tangible, the impossible starts to make sense. But grounding? Not your strength. Your thoughts grow so abstract, so unhinged from the everyday, that you might as well be speaking in tongues. At low levels nothing clicks. Concepts remain stubborn, unreachable. Creativity is nowhere to be found here.

## Abstract Conduit



### Details

Attribute

Intellect



# Description

*Read between the lines.*

**Cool for:** Private investigators, debaters, savvy wise-asses

Echoes of the Unsaid lets you read the spaces between words. The unsaid things, the silences, the micro-movements of an eyebrow that betray everything. People can lie, but their bodies will tell the truth.

At high levels you are a liar's true nightmare. A smirk, a twitch, a wrong pause, a hesitation – it all becomes painfully obvious what they're trying to pull. They are an open book, and you are its proofreader. But paranoia creeps in. *Are they lying? What if you're reading ghosts?* With lower levels, social nuances become alien hieroglyphs. Sarcasm sails over your head, subtext is unreadable, context is nonexistent. You need people to spell things out. Preferably in large, bold letters.

## Echoes of the Unsaid



### Details

Attribute

Intellect

# Description

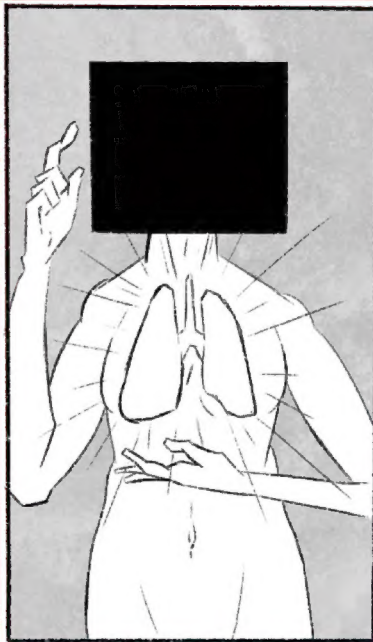
*Break the glass. Bleed a little.*

**Cool for:** Spiritual skeptics, disillusioned idealists, optimistic nihilists

Splintered Faith is the fucked-up result of belief shattered by the harshness of life. Once there was faith - maybe in a god or a cause, or maybe just the simple idea that people weren't *that* bad. Then life introduced you to a sledgehammer. Now all you're cradling in your arms are jagged pieces of what used to be whole.

At high levels of Splintered Faith you glow like a holy beacon. People rally to your half-shattered hope, mistaking your suffering for wisdom. You preach resilience, finding beauty in a broken thing. But it's still broken. And it's *never* going back to how it was. At low levels you're spiritually bankrupt. Hope is a scam. Joy is a limited-time offer. Every attempt at meaning feels like trying to light a wet match. *Why bother?*

## Splintered Faith



### Details

Attribute

Psyche

# Description

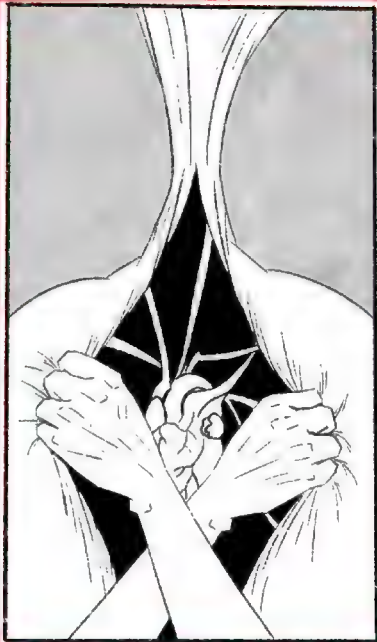
*Identify weakness. Exploit and capitalize.*

**Cool for:** Dominatrixes, bitter divorcees, people who type out "lol" with dead eyes

Subliminal Disdain is the ability to make people feel *lesser* without insulting them outright. It highlights their flaws, lets you pick up on their cracks – their nervous habits, their little insecurities – without even trying. Then it files them away like a sniper counting bullets.

At high levels you are a one-man psychological demolition crew. A single comment, a raised eyebrow, a tiny sigh - deletes years of confidence. People walk away from conversations with you re-evaluating their entire life. Master this skill, break enough people, and suddenly no one wants to talk to you. At low levels you try to be cutting, but it just comes off as awkward. You throw out an insult and they *laugh*. Oh god. They think you're joking.

## Subliminal Disdain



## Details

Attribute

Psyche

# Description

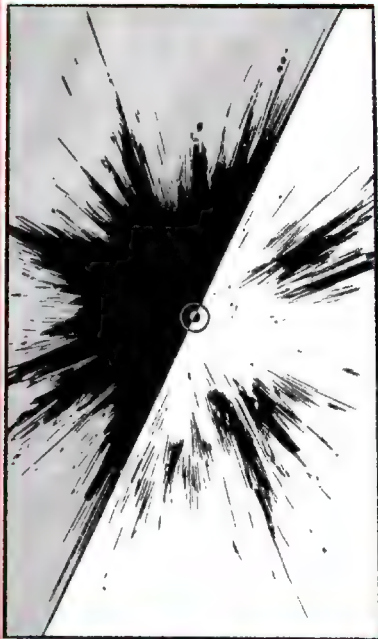
*Dance in the light. Drown in the dark.*

**Cool for:** Tortured artists, theater kids, melancholic romantics

Chiaroscuro de l'Âme is the art of embracing the difference between light and dark. It helps you see the shadows in between, the delicious contrast of joy and misery locked in an eternal tango. Everything is *art*, even pain. Especially pain.

At high levels you're a maestro of contrast. You *get* people. You pull stories from thin air, make strangers weep with a well-placed word. You have a hunger for drama, which also drives you to stir the pot - to manufacture conflict just to feel the thrill of life's highs and lows. With lower levels you have the emotional range of a houseplant. Things happen, and you just say 'Huh'. People describe sunsets as breathtaking, and you nod like a brick with eyes.

## Chiaroscuro de l'Âme



## Details

Attribute

Psychic

# Description

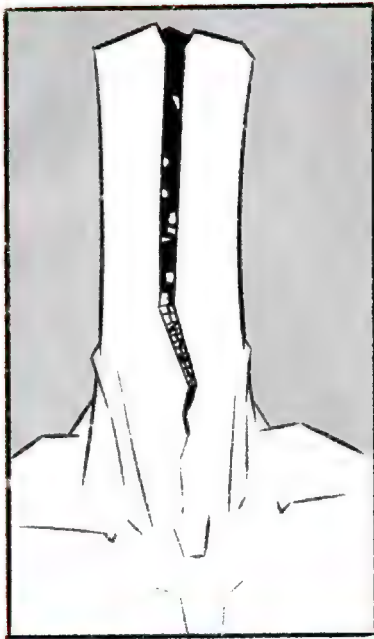
*Crack open your mind. Let the madness in.*

**Cool for:** Shattered souls, trauma survivors, psychonauts

Psychic Fissure is a state where the mind fractures, leaving it porous. Like a fine Swiss cheese: full of holes, little gaps where the weird stuff leaks in. It allows you to hear things that aren't said, feel things that don't belong to you. Sometimes it's wisdom. Other times it's nightmares in your waking life.

At high levels the fissures in your mind become gateways. Unwelcome guests make themselves at home in your mind, bringing hallucinations and paranoia as their plus-ones. At low levels the fissures close. No more eerie insights, no more whispers in the dark. Just peaceful, comfortable *ignorance*. Your existence remains unpopulated by deep insights and unsettling truths. Perfect for a good night's sleep.

## Psychic Fissure



## Details

Attribute

Psyche



# Description

*Command the spotlight. Attract attention to yourself.*

**Cool for:** Silver-tongued chairmen, cult leaders, con artists

Magnetism is the force that pulls people toward you and urges them to listen. It helps your words stick to them like honey, or maybe glue. Whatever it is, it ensures your presence lingers in the minds of others long after you've left.

At high levels, your charm is borderline unholy. People follow you without knowing why, ideas take root in the hearts of those who listen. Your enemies smile at you as they sign their own doom. With such power your charm also casts a wide net, attracting *everything*. Attention whores, stalkers, weirdos who project their daddy issues onto you. With lower levels of Magnetism you blend into the background like a damp piece of cardboard. You speak and people's eyes glaze over. A ghost gets more engagement than you.

## Magnetism



## Details

Attribute

Psyche

# Description

*Lead with scars. Inspire through endurance.*

**Cool for:** Battle-hardened commanders  
weary parents, reluctant heroes

Wounded Authority is strength forged in struggle. It is the kind of leadership that arises not from ambition, but from necessity. Those who lead this way don't have to raise their voices. People listen because they see someone who's been through the hellfire and emerged, if not unscathed then unbroken.

At high levels your suffering is a magnet. People *believe* in you, follow your lead without question. They see the weight you carry and decide *this one knows the way*. But the weight never goes away. You will become a martyr to your own anguish, unable to move forward or heal. At low levels no one cares. You try to sound wise but it comes out whiny. It's like a middle manager trying to rally a collapsing office. Womp womp, nobody's listening to you.

## Wounded Authority



## Details

Attribute

Psyche

# Description

*Be there. Or don't, no one will notice either way.*

**Cool for:** Spies, wallflowers, the one friend that never posts on social media

Null Aspect is the art of being forgotten. It's as if part of the world is erased around you, a space that does not register in memory. This skill reshapes your entire image to leave no lasting memory with anyone you encounter. You become rumour, recognizable only as déjà vu and dismissed just as easily.

At high levels, you can drift through life unnoticed. Conversations flow past without a flicker of recognition, security cameras can never seem to focus on you, even your barista struggles to remember your order. But lean into it too hard and one day you might look in the mirror and wonder if you even exist. At lower levels the effect fails. You stand out terribly. People sense you don't belong. Congratulations, you are now the most conspicuous person in the room.

## Null Aspect



## Details

Attribute

Psychic

# Description

*The itch. The ache. The beautiful, rotting hunger.*

**Cool for:** Martyrs, masochists, 2 AM drunk texters

Perverse Longing is the relentless pull toward destruction. Like a bull charging at the matador, it will drive you headfirst into every red flag you see. Embrace backstabbers. Kiss double-crossers. Hear *this will ruin you* and go *Yeah, I'm into that*.

At high levels you're a connoisseur of catastrophe. You navigate emotional wreckage like an art critic admiring brushstrokes. Pain is delicious and dysfunction intrigues you. You see the cracks in people and press your fingers inside, wanting some for yourself. This is a taste-test of mistakes and regret. At lower levels of Perverse Longing, you still chase destruction but with no finesse. You're not orchestrating tragedy, you're stumbling into oncoming traffic. You open your mouth to scream but all that comes out is *"I can fix her!"*

## Perverse Longing



## Details

Attribute

Psyche

# Description

*TAKE WEIGHT. HOLD THE LINE.*

**Cool for:** Spirit warriors, desperate protectors, underdogs

Atlas is your inner and outer strength. It's the refusal to collapse under physical, mental, or spiritual burdens. It gives you the facilities to stand when others fall, bear loads no one else dares to shoulder. This skill turns your body into a barricade, and your willpower into the mortar holding it all together.

At high levels you can haul the impossible – lift wreckage, drag the unconscious to safety, hold the world up while it crumbles around you. Bones fracture, muscles tear, yet you never let go. You don't get to. At low levels even your own body feels like dead weight. Strain grinds you down, turns your limbs to lead. You reach for something heavy and it reaches back, pulling you under.

Atlas



Details

Attribute

Prerequisite



# Description

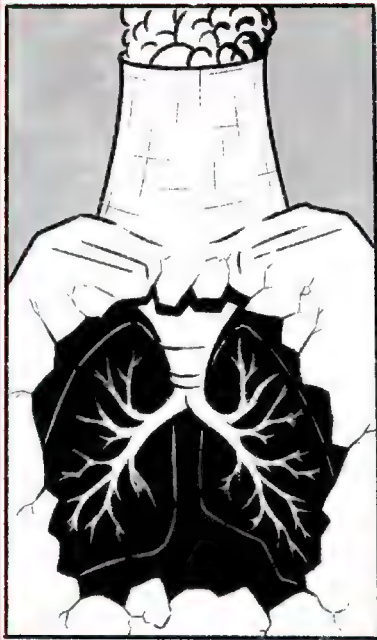
*Inhale death. Make it your breath of life.*

**Cool for:** Firefighters, coal miners, nicotine addicts

Ashlung is a skill born from years spent enduring toxic air, resting near roaring flames, living beneath heavy clouds of dust, or taking coffee breaks behind the butt of a cigarette. It's adaptation to a life lived among the caustic tang of chemical fumes and the gray powder of a crumbled world. All that time in the stench of death has hardened your lungs, adapted them to suck out any sliver of life from the atmosphere.

At high levels you laugh in the face of suffocation. Lungs heaving like bellows, the acrid stench of toxins doesn't faze you and the oppressive heat of smoke barely registers. However, clean air feels *wrong* now – your body craves the grit, the poison. At low levels every cloud of dust is a deadly rival. The world chokes you out, the weight in your chest an ever-present reminder that you are not built for this atmosphere.

## Ashlung



## Details

Attribute

Physique

# Description

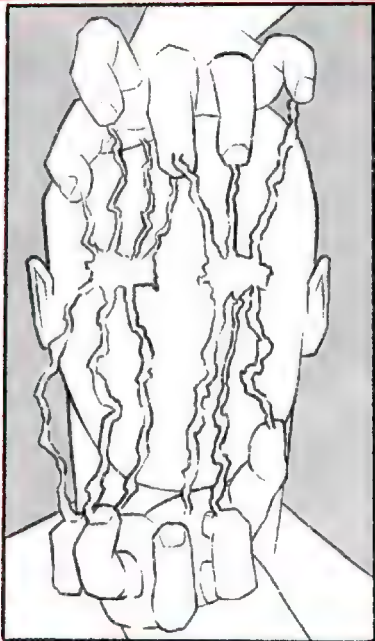
*Summon the storm. Unleash fury upon the world.*

**Cool for:** Boxers, Olympic athletes, storm chasers

Storm Pulse is raw, untamed power that surges through your body. Like a living storm – quiet and still until, in a split-second, you're a flash of movement, a blur of force. It's a dangerous dance with nature: a power that arrives in bursts and leaves just as quickly.

At high levels you become a tempest on the field – a whirling dervish of speed and strength. You strike with the suddenness of a lightning bolt, your movements a blur to the naked eye. The storm within you is brief and merciless; leaving as soon as it arrives, abandoning you in a haze of exhaustion as you stand there exposed and weak. At low levels your storm lacks fury. You feel the tension in your muscles, a promise of power, but it fizzles out the moment you need it most.

## Storm Pulse



## Details

Attribute

Physique

# Description

*Own your body. Govern with sinew and blood.*

**Cool for:** Thanatologists, dieticians  
weightlifters

Ad Carnem is your connection to the raw reality of your physical form. It is the visceral knowledge that you are bound to your body, that every movement, every breath is a dialogue with the flesh. Your body speaks to you in a language of sensations – both pleasurable and painful.

At high levels you become a master of this bodily awareness, feeling every twitch and tremor, every shiver and shudder. The flesh is your ally, telling you when to go, when to rest, when to eat and drink. This acute awareness also makes you a prisoner of pain and suffering. Every minor ache and discomfort becomes a scream from the body that cannot be ignored. At low levels you are estranged from your own flesh, numb to the subtle signals of your body's needs and wants. Pain, fatigue, hunger, thirst, all sensations fade into the background, all warnings remain unclear until it's too late.

## Ad Carnem



## Details

**Attribute**

**Physique**

# Description

*Keep going. Run until the world stops.*

**Cool for:** Personal trainers, marathoners, night-shift workers

Stamina is the gritty resolve that keeps your body going and your motor running. It's all about the endless miles, the uphill battles, and the burning in your muscles that you've learned to welcome as an old friend. Through relentless practice, this skill transforms your body into a machine – a relentless, tired beast that knows only one direction: forward.

At high levels of Stamina, you're a font of endurance. Sleep is optional, rest is a distant concept. You push through exhaustion, never feeling the ache until the job is done. At lower levels your engine sputters. You tire quick and crash hard, feeling the weight of every exertion like concrete shoes.

## Stamina



## Details

Attribute

Physique

# Description

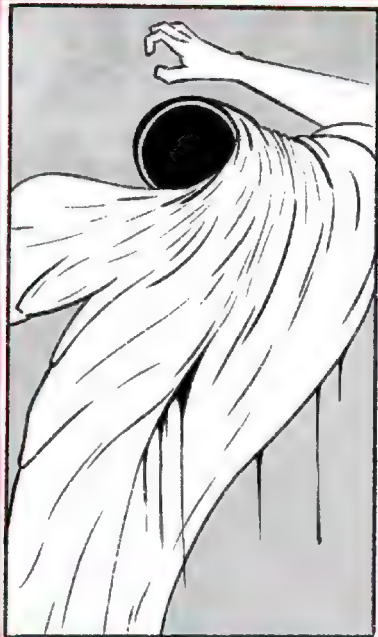
*Want and take. Never be satisfied.*

**Cool for:** Gamblers, mukbang Twitch streamers, adventurers

Hollow Hunger is an insatiable lust for life. A thirst for adventure. That strange urge to go gambling at 5:42 in the morning. It's the *gnawing* ache deep in your gut and the void that drives you to excess – be it food, drink, drugs, sex, adrenaline, thrills, any fleeting pleasure. It is always searching, always needing *more*.

At high levels your Hollow Hunger drives you to conquer mountains. You push harder, reach further, consume the world around you in desperate pursuit of more. But hunger without limit is a black hole, and eventually it devours you. At low levels the craving fades. You lose that fire, that urge. You drift, directionless, without want or purpose.

## Hollow Hunger



## Details

Attribute

Physique



# Description

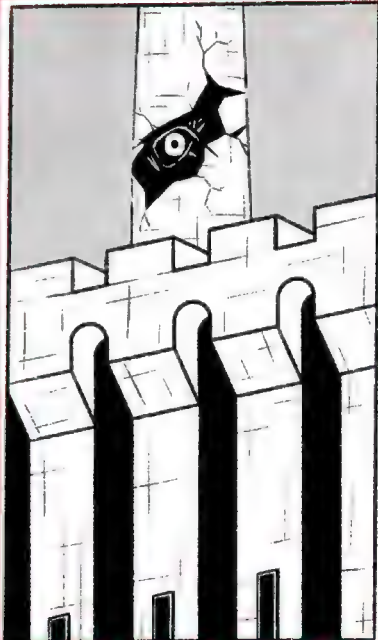
*Build walls. Shut everyone out.*

**Cool for:** Silent sentinels, hardened outsiders, Thomas Shelby cosplayers

Iron Veil is physical composure in the face of internal strife. The outside doesn't get in. The inside doesn't get out. Discomfort, weakness, suffering - all but mere peasants shut out at the gates of your fortress and sent on their way.

At high levels you are untouchable. No taunt, tragedy, or tempest shakes you. Emotions roll off like rain on steel, your presence unmoving, your emotions unclear. Heat, cold, exhaustion, injury - it barely registers on your face. You lock yourself away in your own dungeons. Problems fester, emotions stagnate, and self-awareness fades into nothing. At low levels pain and judgement bend you under their pressure. Insecurities escape their iron bars and make themselves known at the battlements. Every wound registers noticeable grimaces, reminders that you are *not* indestructible.

## Iron Veil



## Details

Attribute

Physical

# Description

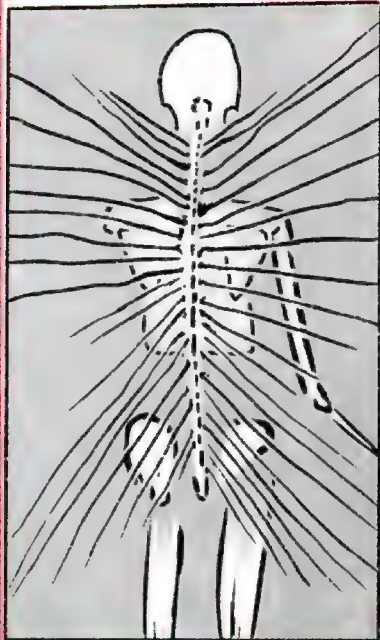
*Embrace danger. Exploit your fragility.*

**Cool for:** Daredevils, survivalists, freedivers, insomniacs

Moth Frame is the embodiment of a strange and fleeting grace. Guided by an instinct that's drawn toward danger and thrill, it mirrors the delicate flight of a moth fluttering to the flame. It moves like a whisper of motion in the dark, nimble and hard to pin down.

At high levels, you drift untouched through chaos. Bullets part around you, punches pass through air where you were just a moment ago. Obstacles and traps fail to catch you. Your weightless form, however, lacks resilience. The lighter you are, the easier you are to break. At low levels, you are sluggish. Your body lacks the instinct often demanded by danger and you can find yourself easily cornered when no escape presents itself. But with this you can also find a strange grace – a moment of *'perfect vulnerability'* whereby doing nothing you are overlooked, passed over, or even protected by others.

## Moth Frame



## Details

Attribute

Physique

# Description

*Trust your hands over your eyes.*

**Cool for:** Magicians, pickpockets, blindfolded performers

Phantom Touch is a sixth sense enabling you to navigate the world without sight. It turns hands into antennae, hovering over a crowd to sense the warmth of coins through pockets, or the heartbeat of a wristwatch beneath its ticking shell, all read like braille in the dark.

At high levels you can tell a coin's mint year just by rolling it between your knuckles. You know the weight of every pocket you pass and can map a room by touch alone. Sensitivity also makes you jumpy. Someone slaps you on the back and you jump into the ceiling. You feel enemies in empty air. At low levels you lose your touch in more ways than one. Your hands are just *hands*. Clumsy sausages attached to a wrinkly meat slab. You reach for the lockpick and drop it. You're as subtle as a raccoon rifling through a trash can.

## Phantom Touch



## Details

Attribute

Magics

# Description

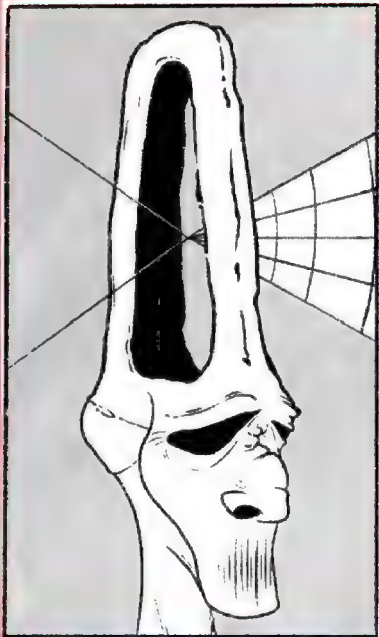
*highFunctioningFlesh*

**Cool for:** Hackers, techies, musicians

Electrognosis is the connection one has with technology. The world is full of signals, invisible threads of data crisscrossing everything. The static in the air, the chittering of electrons moving through copper wire, the vibration of data flowing through the ether. Wi-Fi, EMF, Bluetooth, this skill lets you pick them out like whispered conversations in a crowded bar.

At high levels you're Neo in the Matrix. You see data as it moves. Fingers flick across a keyboard and firewalls crumble. No security system is too tight, no encryption too complex for you. The real-world falls behind your silicon mind, conversations feel too slow, and your human friends are just *meat with lag spikes*. At lower levels technology is a mystery wrapped in a headache. Every password forgotten, every file misplaced. You fumble with remotes and you don't know what the hell a 'Microsoft Windows' is. You hold your phone up to the sky, hoping the Wi-Fi gods will take pity on this obstinate luddite. They won't.

## Electrognosis



### Details

**Attribute**

*Metaphysics*

# Description

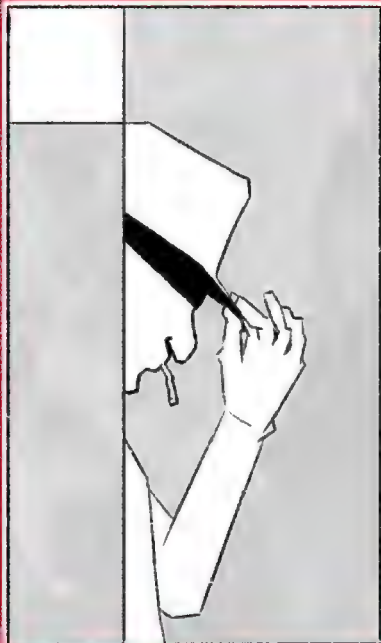
*Embody the past. Recall cigarette brands long since discontinued.*

**Cool for:** Antiquity-soaked drifters, social chameleons, time travelers

Zeitgeist is muscle memory from another time. Posture straightens to Victorian precision. Gestures become cinematic. In the wrong light you might be mistaken for a war hero from a conflict that ended before you were born.

At high levels you exude old-world charm. You flick cigarettes like 1930s film noir and somewhere a speakeasy bartender nods in approval at the way you hold a glass. You also refuse to acknowledge everything after the moon landing. Try explaining to a cashier why you won't use a credit card because "fiat currency is a mistake." At lower levels of Zeitgeist, your body can't decide when it is. You approach police officers with the jittery movements of a Prohibition-era bootlegger and flirt like an 18th-century medieval noble, locking eye contact and murmuring about courtly devotion. They block you immediately.

Zeitgeist



Details

Attribute

Motivica



# Description

*Relinquish control. Pray your body knows what it's doing*

**Cool for:** Lone mercs, swordsmen, gamers

Twitch Reflex wants you to shoot now, ask questions later. Before the mind even has time to register danger, the body is busy dodging, parrying, firing back. There's an unseen puppeteer at work jerking limbs in response to stimuli you haven't consciously processed yet.

At high levels you dodge bullets like an action hero and draw your weapon before the other guy even thinks about his. Instincts don't ask for permission – they're what keep you alive in a fight, or get you arrested before you realize you punched a cop. At low levels your reaction time is *just not there*. You flinch when the punch lands, not before. Forget about video game quick-time events and prepare to get hit in the face every single time you play ball.

## Twitch Reflex



## Details

Attribute

Motivics

# Description

*Pierce the veil. Understand static.*

**Cool for:** Synesthesia sufferers, lens grinders, photographers

Chromatic Aberration turns your gaze into a microscope. Spot counterfeit cash by its printer's tremor or decode a vandal's tag by the spray-can rust bleeding through fresh paint. The world's a collage of clues, you just need to tilt your head *juuust* right.

At high levels you're a walking talking CSI enhancer. Catch micro-expressions in strobe-lit bars, read license plates reflected in puddles, or notice the exact shade of "hospital white" that means *blood was here*. Eventually your eyes itch from the overload, sleep feels like staring at a corrupted JPEG. At low levels you miss *everything*. Optical illusions elude you, and you stare at magic tricks like a caveman seeing fire for the first time. You'll buy bootleg Rolexes and see Comic Sans as a font of truth. If neon signs don't point to it, you won't see it.

## Chromatic Aberration



## Details

Attribute

Misfocus

# Description

*Live between millimeters. Move surgically.*

**Cool for:** Watchmakers, precision engineers, patient calligraphers

Dexterity desires control over movement, it loves mastery of all things precise. It tunes your fine-motor function into a machine built for calibration. Disarm a bomb, stitch a wound, twist wire into the perfect lockpick, all with extreme precision.

At high levels you're a panacea of manual control. Fine adjustments and intricate repairs are done with barely a sweat broken. You recalibrate pocket watches and carve statues from soap bars just to kill time. But the pursuit of flawlessness is its own prison. You'll spend an hour adjusting the picture frame until it's perfectly straight. At low levels of Dexterity, your hands betray you. Buttons are *impossible*. You draw a single breath, and your paintbrush goes flying across the canvas. You stitch up a leg-wound and somehow poke out the poor bastard's eye. You *are* butterfingers.

## Dexterity



## Details

Attribute

Motorics

# Description

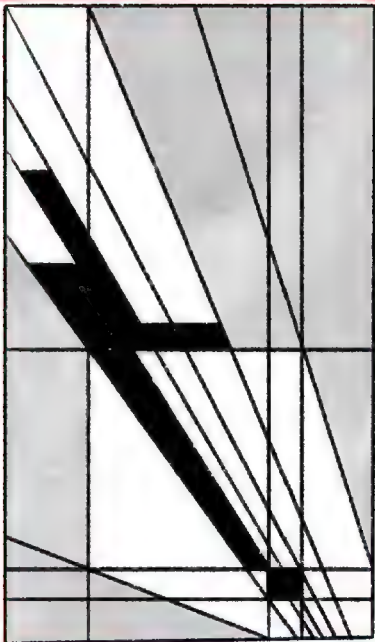
*Slip between gaps. Shrink down, slither around.*

**Cool for:** Escape artists, cat burglars, errant street rats

Wireframe bends you in ways that should be impossible. Whether through vents, under fences, or between iron bars, it's a knack for navigating places where the light doesn't reach.

At high levels you fold like an omelet and twist like a pretzel. You vanish into air vents, slide past closing doors and the dark crevices between buildings. But the open sky unnerves you. Wide, open spaces feel like vast deserts to a worm that knows only the earth. Out in the open you're a fish out of water, flopping and gasping, wishing for the comfort of a good narrow alleyway. At lower levels you're stiff as a board. A tight corridor becomes a wrestling match with your own limitations. You bend down to tie your shoes and throw out your back. Tight spaces make you *panic*. You're more mannequin than human.

## Wireframe



## Details

Attribute

Materials

# Description

*Dig in. Become immovable.*

**Cool for:** Street brawlers, rock climbers, riot police

Tether is the third hidden option nestled between fight and flight. When you scale a precipice, grapple with a foe, or brace against a gale, this skill helps your body find its center.

At high levels you're an anchor. Slick ice, raging torrents, or a hurricane's fury all lack the power to uproot you. Someone trying to push you off a ledge? Good luck. Your grip is a death sentence. Nothing short of an *actual* act of God will budge you. But being immovable also makes you immobile. You don't dodge – you take the hits. At low levels you are a human Jenga tower. A stiff breeze could knock you over. Someone brushing past you is a potential disaster. You trip over nothing and stairs are your mortal enemy.

## Tether




## Details

Attribute

Motorics





## Scrapped Ideas

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Here are some skills I removed from the main project but wanted to document because I liked how they turned out. I scrapped them either because they were too similar to other skills I had already created or because they didn't fit me as well as the others.

# Description

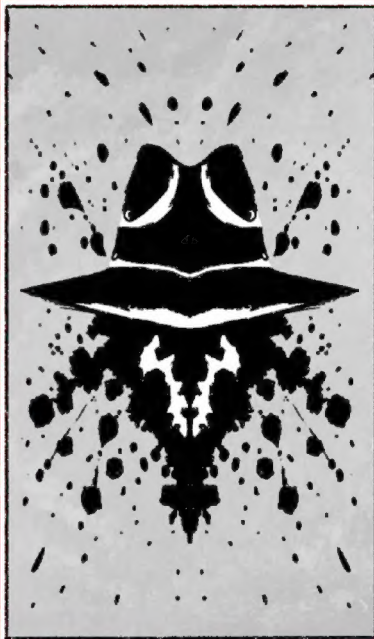
*Decode disorder. Commiserate with confusion.*

**Cool for:** Deranged gumshoes, paranoid savants, toast diviners

Rorschach is a middle finger against chaos. The universe is a puzzle and you're the only one with the decoder ring. You see connections where others see coincidence. Become a translator for the world's messages.

At high levels you're what Sherlock Holmes wishes he was. Every smudge, flicker, and sideways glance means something to you. A cracked sidewalk is a roadmap to Atlantis, the bird's flight path warns of natural disaster. You're a visionary, or unhinged. Probably both. With lower levels of Rorschach, you can't tell a metaphor from an eviction notice. You'll draft an entire legal case against the shadows on your wall and spend hours decoding the cereal box not realizing it's just advertising. Good luck walking past that particularly meaningful oil stain on your way to work without breaking down in tears over it.

## Rorschach



## Details

Attribute

Intellect

# Description

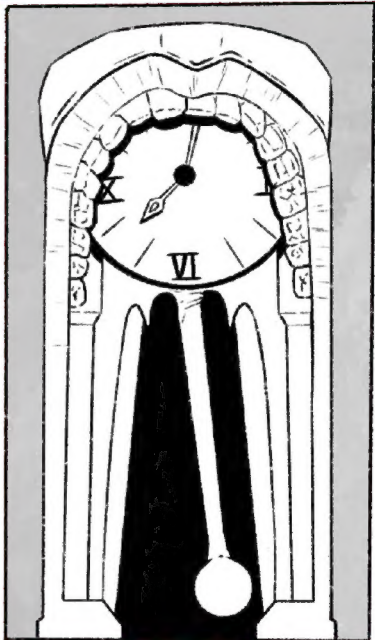
*Live life in the seconds and microseconds within.*

**Cool for:** High school principals, speedrunners, allegrophobes

Synchronicity is the art of living in perfect harmony with time. Every second is a step in a dance, every moment a gear turn in the grand machine. Take a step forward, strike because the moment demands it. Every action is predestined and preorganized for you.

At high levels you're the textbook example of perfect timing. Three minutes and twenty-two seconds left before lunchtime. Forty-five and a quarter seconds until your fingers brush the doorknob. But when things don't go as planned? You'll freeze, instantly overwhelmed by the chaos of unpredictability. At low levels you are always out of sync - too early, too late. Seconds blur, elongate, contract. You miss buses by a hair and miscount the steps on the stairs. Your whole life is a slapstick comedy of bad timing and missed cues

## Synchronicity



### Details

Attribute

Motorics